What did the Syrens sing? What song beside the sea-Which such a spel could flog That none who heard might flee i Think of the harmony Of gentle winds, that blow Through sighting pinesuod tree— Twas sweeter far, I trow.

The chant of thrush in spring—
The placid hum of bee
Amid the gorse and ling—
The glowing cestasy
Of skylark soaring free—
The babbing streamlets flew—
The children's laughing gice—
Twas sweeter far, 1 trow.

Think of the murmuring Of waves upon the lee.—
The rhymes that poets string
In sunny Italy.—
The tinkling melody
Of mandeline below
A moonlit balcony,
"Twas sweeter far, I trow

ENVOY.

What syren-song may be,
Princess, no man may know,
But when you sang to me,
"Twas eweeter far, I trow.
C. J. LEE,

serves and our horses."

"Impossible!" was the churlish reply, and the door was about to be closed, when one of the travellers intercepted it with his foot, and, producing a pistol, said:

"We are quite ready to pay for our lodging and supper, but we cannot go further to night." The caretaker paused for a moment as though reflecting, and at last he said:

The caretager paused for a moment as taous reflecting, and at last he said:

"I will give you shelter for the night, and food for yourselves and your beasts, on one condition, viz., that you give me your word of honor as gentlemen, which I am sure you are, that nothing will induce you to leave the room I give you, and that to-morrow at daybreak you go on your journey without asking any questions."

The promise given, the door was opened, and the horses taken to the stables, which were within the court. The porter then led the two travellers up a splendid staircase and through a long corridor hung with tapestry, at length turning into a large empty room furnished as a drawing-room, and evidently belonging to the dwelling of a wealthy hobbe.

Near the door was a large fireplace in which a Near the door was a large breaker in which a fire soon blazed. Candles were lighted, and the travellers saw two large and luxurious beds, with rich hangings, one nearer to the entrance than the other. A table was placed near the fire, and before long a substantial supper was brought, the meanly and all the belongings of the house showing considerable luxury.

ings of the house showing considerable luxury.

After eating their supper the two travellers went to rest. The elder took the bed nearest the door, leaving the other, at some feet off, to his companion. Logs had been placed on the fire sufficient for the night, the door was locked, and the way-farers gladly betook themselves to sleep.

About an hour after going to sleep the elder suddenly woke, starting in his bed, lie could not account for this sudden waking. The room was strongly lighted by the fire, there was no noise, and Count A, was about to lay himself once again on the pillow, when a remarkable sight methim. A man of striking appearance, with a gray him. A man of striking appearance, with a gray beard but dressed in a blonse, walked slowly toward the bed. When he had approached within a few feet he begioned three times to the Count, as though wanting him to follow.

"Behold the Cross! O three soul, lay down thy heavy

The Count gazed at him without moving, when walked slowly away, stopping from time to time and looking back, repeating his bectoning gesture with an implering caze till he reached the door, when he disapteared. Naturally startled at this nussual apprearance, Count A, rose from his bed and walked to the door to see if it had been weary, he turned in his bed and once more fell a leep. About as hour later he again started in the same sudden manner. Again he saw the same figure, this time nearer the hed. Again did it becken him to follow, and, moving toward the door, turned with great engerness, and still oftener than before, to repeat the same motion with his hand. The hand was that of a gentleman, small and white, and with a ring on one of the fingers.

Frightened at this extraordinary apparition, Count A, this time welce his companion and narrated what had passed. "Nousense," replied the latter, "you ate too much supper and have been awoke by a nightmare. I am really too tired to talk about it."

The nervous carnestness with which the elder "Father," I cried, and with the word my heart broke in

been awoke by a nightmare. I am really too tired to talk about it."

The nervous carnestness with which the elder traveller repeated the story, however, impressed the younger, until he proposed that the curtains of the Count's bed should be tied to the bedelothes of his, so that in the case of a third visit he could be awakened without noise. After securely fastening the curtains of one bed to the coverings of the other, each returned to his own couch.

A third time the Count was awakened in the same startling manner. The figure stood close to his bed, and the face of the visitor looked down on that of the awakened sleeper. The features of the apparition were plainly marked. They exhibited great pain and sadness. The Count grasped the hangings! The apparition held un his hand. The Count jerked at his curtains, but they fell back without resistance, for the knot had become untied. Once again the figure retreated sorrowfully, turning but seldem to beckon, as though the attempt had been given up in despair.

It was now near daybreak. The Count awoke his companion, and they sat up together till morning.

Shortly after dawn the caretaker according to previous agreement, knocked at the door, which the Count unlocked without difficulty, and the merning meal was brought in. The caretaker looked curiously at the two visitors as though inclined to ask questions. He, however did not tarry out this intention.

The travellers, mindful of their prendse, made no remark. The borses well groomed and refreshed, were ready for their journey, and the two companions left the chateau, the carctaker refusing to accept any payment or gratuity. The two men rode away, reached their port of emberkation, and arrived safely in England.

Not many years later the elder of the two re-purned to France and accepted the new state of hings. The Bonaparte Government offered him an administrative post in the north. This the dount accepted, and among the other inducements which led to his acceptance was the chance of lucidating the mystery which constantly recurred to his memory. A very short time clapsed after assuming his duties when he made inquiries as to the chateau and its owners. the chateau and its owners.

the chateau and its owners.

The story told him was that the chateau belonged to the Marquis de—, a gentleman of great wealth and of retired habits. When somewhat advanced in life, he had married a girl of low extraction but of great beauty—the daughter of the peasant who now took care of the chateau. A year or two after their marriage a half-brother of the Marquis had left the army and come to reside with his brother, and some months later all three disappeared from the country together, without leaving any address, the chateau being placed under the care of the father of the Marquise, an old gamekeeper. The rapid succession of incidents in the Revolution, by absorbing public interest, had prevented inquiry. The caretaker led a gloomy tolitary life at the chateau. He was little seen except when he went out to make purchases; but he always appeared to be well provided with aboney.

Arming himself with the necessary legal authority, which probably lent itself easily to the functionaries of the State, the Count prepared to investigate the mystery. He accordingly repaired to the chateau with the agents of the law, and a priest well known in the neighborhood, to whom the story had been told.

On arriving at the house the caretaker endeavored to withstand the intrusion, but yielding to force, the gate was opened, and the Count and the priest proceeded straight to the room where the incident had occurred.

the incident had occurred.

"I think," said the priest, "this affair at present belongs more to me than to the law. Allow me to spend the night here alone. All I require is a lantern and a pistol. There will be force within hearing, but I believe the mystery can be solved more easily by one man than by many." The brave old man's offer was accepted. The Count and his attendants posted themselves in other parts of the house, keeping the caretaker with them. A fire was lighted in the large room, and

BALLADE OF THE SONG OF THE SYRENS. | the priest was left there alone with his prayer-

book.

He had not remained long, when the figure appeared beckening to kim, and he at once rose to follow. It passed through the door, always looking from time to time to see that the priest was behind. It led the way through a long corridor, then into a room which still contained all the appearance of a lady's. In the corner was a small staircase, down which the priest descended in obedience to the summons of the apparition. It led to a small vestibule which opened into a chapel. The flagre walked slowly up the aisle, assemded

To other ears a wordless hymn; to mine, attuned to sadness,
Each note was full and running o'er with loving praise

and gladness.
With weary heart and tired feet I crossed the sacred portal. Weary of sin and tired of tell, the common lot of mortal. Down through the aisles the music relied, from out the

organ ringing.

The angel met me at the door, a joyous message bringing—

"Give thanks, the Lord our God is good, His mercy faileth Be glad, oh Heaven, and sing, oh earth, our God is God

" I am too tired to sing," I said; " I have no thanks to

Life's path is cold and hard to tread, my feet are sore and tender.
Where friendship's torch should constant burn, it shows

but fiful flashes; The gold I grasp to rust will turn, the fruit is only ashes. They have the less of care to bear whose life is soonest erded."
Sweet with the organ's solemn roll the angel's answer

" Envy thou not the quiet dead, nor covet thou their sleep-

Bear bravely thy appointed lot, thy faith and honor keep-And hold this blossed touth in mind, forget its beauty

Whether Life smiles or darkly frowns, our God is God

I am so sick of sin." I said. " and sin is all surrounding. The good I would de do I not, because of sin abounding. I reach toward the higher life my soul for freedom longing. feet are struggling in the mire where base desires are

What need is there of sin to be! Why spurn I not us profers?
The very bitterness of death is in the cup it offers.*

burden t Seek here the strength oft promised as true faith's unfall-"I have no faith." I said with tears. "Why should I

Within the clasp of these sad years my derling need are Why are they gone while I am here! My grief is just and

I saw the love, I saw the grace, I saw the tender beauty. That shireth from the Father's face along the path of duty. The angel's voice was hushed awhite and all the people

Sent up to God a noble hymn with thankful praises ring-

And when the solemn words of prayer rose over heads all bended.

The doubts, the fears, the cares, the tears and weariness were ended;

And all the happy paths of peace within my heart rang "Give thanks! Our Father is our God, whose mercy fail-

George Cooper in The Independent. * There never was a grandma haif so good !" He whispered, while beside her chair he sto-And laid his rosy cheek.

With manner very meek, Agaist her dear old face, in loving mood. "There never was a nicer grandma born!" I know some little boys must be forlorn Because they've none like you;

I wonder what I'd do Without a grandma's kisses night and morn F "There never was a dearer grandma—there!" He kissed her and he smoothed her snow white hair; Then fixed her rushed cap

And pestled in her lan. While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring tA horse and carriage and a watch and ring.

All grandmas are so nice! (Just here he kissed her twice.) And grandmas give a boy most anything !" Before his dear old grandma could reply,

This boy looked up, and with a regulah eye.

Then whispered in her car, That nobody might hear:

" Say, grandma, have you any more mince ple I DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN. IL d. Eague in The New Orleans Picayens. Dainty little malden,

Tripping forth each day, Bearing weighty volumes On your learned way; This is from the one that passes Going to his daily classes— He that looks with longing eye,

As you lightly pass him by. Dainty little maiden With the nut-brown curls-Would that I professor were In your school of girls; Lecture on the heart, with sighs; Or. just in a class of two, Love's sweet art I'd teach to you.

CANVASHACK DUCK AND TEAL.

CANVASEACK DUCK AND TEAL.

From The Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Soon will begin the slaughter of the "festive wild fowl," for spring days do not come without bringing with them flock after flock of ducks and geese. Soon, too, will the menu cards hear out in nonparell gothic type the names of these little morsals—morsals when served properly. Who hasn't heard of the "festive wild fowl," the duck! It would, indeed, be hard to find such a person. But how many know of the different species! Very few outside of those who either hunt them or sell or buy them. And even among these people there is no small quantity of ignorance upon this subject. Upon the bilis of fare in the restaurants one seldom sees the price of any but the mallard or the teal quoted, but, nevertheless, thousands of other varieties are sold to hotel and restau-

the kindest disposition, and had reasted his half-byther with unwonted in discovered the control of the creative forms of the control of the creative forms of the creative form way, not far from my home, was the bon ton' quarter. How it has changed! But I knew all quarters, the low end just as well as the other extreme. The characters I learned to know then have been of the greatest value to me. I never seem to have any difficulty in finding well-marked and original characters, or in giving them dialogue. The inventing and building-up of plots is what gives me most trouble.

As a boy I used to sing Irish and negro songs for my own amusement and that of my companions, and when I was quite a small youth, I was allowed to go bell's minstrels. I delivered a stump speach of my own writing, and I got on and off very well. That was my first appearance on the regular stage. Very soon after this I ran away from home, and went to sea. When I found myself in San Prancisco, I had had enough stage manager was James Dowling, who had held the same position with Burton, and knew his business thoroughly. A good many old actors will remember his name.

"It was in 1875, after I had been back East some time and played in sketches with Hart, that I entered nto an arrangement with him and Mart Hanley, still my business manager, to make a tour of the country in a piece called 'The Doyle Brothers.' This was originally written in California by a man named Woodward, but I rewrote it. We opened with Mr. Field at the Boston Museum, and had a very successful four another to the list of London exhibitions. The com-Lesting almost eleven months and extending as far as New Orleans. We carried afteen little b ys who appeared as a company of the 'gallant cuth' and did a Burne Jones, Richmond, Alfred Gilbert, Herbert h liped to create him. If is a heavy sin to have to answer for, I know, but I am airabl I shall have to

been long in New York, for he had a number of knick knamens with him and tried to make his room look at tractive. On his longern was the photograph of a very pretty girl, tartefully framed, which he seemed to regard with considerable affection. Betterding from besiness mose evening he noticed with much sources that the photograph was gone, and immediately proceeded in search of the chambermoid for an explanation.

"Mary" he said, when the genius of towels and hed.

quilts appeared " what have you done with the picture that always shool on my buseau?" "Sure, and I put it in yer frunk. Ye'll find it in the second tray below thim fancy weaklite."

"What did you do that for?" inquired the boarder angrily.

"Oh, ye needn't git mad," she answered niacilly; "in the last letter ye got versilf and the gal had a scrap, and I thort if I put her pictur' away I'd be doin' the both av yez a dilicate favor."

THE RASHNESS OF PASTEUR

From The London Specialor.

M. Pasteur is really a competitor for the prize of £25,000 offered by New South Wales for the destruction of rabbits, and as a competitor has expected, it is stated, chicken choicra to that Colony, with agents to fissure its effectual use. He hot-is that the microbe of chicken choicra is harmless to all animals except birds and rabbits, and that he has fed sheep for a whole formight on vegetables sprinkled with the germ of chicken choicra without products any iff-sfects. A whole formight is worked to make a second of the spring of

From The Boston Globs,
My little one was five last summer. down to Bangor. She had never seen any ducks. One day we were out in the yard and she saw some. She looked at them some time without speaking, and then she said: "Haven't they got long lips?"

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

NOTES OF THE EXPIBITIONS-ART NEWS HERF AND

tainly are not for show purposes alone; they are used—sold to customers who do not know one from another. It was but a short time ago that I called for teal duck at a restaurant, knowing at the time I would not receive that which I had ordered. When the game was placed before me on the table I could not have told what variety it was, but knowing that the waiter knew still less about it, ached that individual way he had not brought me tead duck, as I had ordered. He said he had, but when I told him I know it to be other a blue-bill or a butter-hall he did not moist that he was in the right, and when he gave me a check with my bill upon it, he had charged me ten cents less than the price of the teal. still less about h. a lock his land ordered. He said so brought me to chapt. The figure walked slowly up the aisie, ascended the steps of the altar, then suddenly disappeared. The priest, following with his lantern, perceived the steps of the altar, then suddenly disappeared. The priest, following with his lantern, perceived the steps of the altar, then suddenly disappeared. The priest, following with his lantern, perceived the steps of the gare had vanished. It was evidently the handle of a trap-door, which, however resisted all the attempts of the priest to raise it. He fired his pistol, and soon the Count and his attendants came to his help.

The door raised, a steep ladder-staircase led into a vault. At the bottom of the ladder lav a human skeleton, dressed in clothes similar to those worn by the apparition, and with a beard still hanging to the erial facts. The Marquis, who was a man of the kindest disposition, and bad treated his half-brother with unwonted inculgance, had discovered that too intimate relations existed between him and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them and his wife. Frightened at his orders to the mule is apparent harmlessness in the seculation of Rembrandt's etchings, but it appears that such an exhibition will be continued, and the right and the him I knew it to be close had an the black and the latter the planting of the him I knew it to be chart in the black in the head of the him I knew it to be close had not head and the latter the planting of Mr. G. H. Hall have been succeeded by the collections of Mrs. S. H. Hall have been succeeded by the collections of Mrs. G. H. Hall have been succeeded by the collections of Mrs. G. H. Hall have been succeeded by t

three years without pay. The result is not unlikely to be uncommon activity on the part of politico-artistic "workers," with some results fully as disastrous as any for which artist lobbyists of the old regime were responsible. Men whose opinions would be impartial and intelligent are hardly likely to make the Nation a free gift of the time and effort necessary to

A loan exhibition of nearly 400 etchings is to be opened by the Young Men's Christian Association of Orange, at Association Hall, on Wednesday next. The exhibition will continue for three days. mission tickets consist of a coupon attached to a large card, upon which is printed a sketch on the Passale River, near Paterson, etched by Mr. Thomas

The Layton Art Gallecy in Milwaukee will be for of old ocean, and I got my first paying engagement on the stage at the Olympic Theatre in that city. In the company there were Joe Murphy, Lotta and Maggie this week or next, and afterward thrown open to the mally presented to the city by Mr. Frederick Layton Moore. In those days the programme consisted of public. It is said that the foreign paintings in the variety, minstrelsy and at least a three act drama. Gallery are valued at \$50,000, which, of course, signivariety, minstrelsy and at least a three act drama. Gallery are valued at \$50,000, which, of course, significant in the state of their real worth. There are also many pictures by American artists.

One of the additions to the Vatican objects of art is described as a huge bas-relief representing Prince hismarch "receiving, in a very obsequious attitude, Islands. This Jubilee gift is the work of a devout Roman sculptor. It is intended as a companion to the famous relief in St. Peter's, which depicts the Emperor Henry's submission at Cancesa."

The secession from the Grovenor Gallery will add drill. I was an elderly Irishman who was always try-ing to get into the ranks. By the way, it was in this piece that Hart and I sang the song 'Dudes, Dandy Dudes,' This was a long time in advance of the dude

Dresten is disturbed by the scandal of the disshoulder my share of the blame.

"While we were travelling. Hanter made one or two
flying jumps into New York looking for a theatre and
at last source the old Theatre Compute at 514 Broad
way. We opened there in the fall of 1976 with the introduced into it. Among them were the "Original Big 4," composed of smith, Waldren, Murton and Master Mariin. There have been many 'Be Fours' since, but that was the first and it was Hailey who derivated them. Among the others who 'du turns during that and the ensuing season were lat. Resuley, N. C. Gorden and George Sancht. We always would up in emercialization with a short sketch that I wrote to the second season I determined to irv a longer preceding the control of the control

incummentation of the positive element in the subject."
This becomes barily impressive when translated to mean that "in proportion as a work of literature assumes a scientific character, the utility of illustration becomes more and more evident." The discussion is an interesting one, and Mr. Hamerton's plea for helpful accuracy in diastration will be received with much sympathy. There is certainly abundant reason for pleasurement with his condemnation of the "modern pleasurement with his condemnation." He presents but one phase of his subject, utility, in this paper, just as in the last be dealt unity with the rightly between the last be dealt unity with the right of the last be dealt unity with the right of the last be dealt unity with the right of the last be dealt unity with the right of the last be dealt unity between the last be dealt unity with the

printed in tinted last.

"L'Art" of February 15 presents a portrat of M. le Baron James de Rothschild, which has been drawn and eiched by Daniel Mordant. M. Venture continues to discuss. The Arts at the Court of Farrarc, and the Instalment of dramatic discussion is furnished by M. Lefranc, whose subject is the eider Dumas. M. Gauchez exuits over Mr. Henley's tribute to French art in the memorial catalogue of the French and Dutch Ioan collection in connection with the last International Exhibition at Edinburgh. The exuitation is natural, in view of Mr. Henley's expression of a hope that "the time is not far distant when the names of Corot and Millet will sound no more foreign in English ears than those of Raphael and Velasquez."

NO CENTREBOARDS YET.

THE CONSERVATIVE BRITISH YACHTSMAN. The Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain has practically decided to bar out the centreboard of Lientenant Henn, the placky owner of the Galaten, compete in contests sailed under the association's rules. This illustrates Eritish conservatism, but it side of the value of the centreboard as a device for increasing the speed of a yacht in windward work. Quite otherwise; the British yachtsmen appreciate its value so highly that they are afraid to let such boats race with keel boats on even terms. The centreboard yachts would win, and the present owners of keel boats don't want to be put to the expense of building new boats, neither do they want to be beaton. So they say to the present or prospective owners of cantreboard boats: "We won't les you

race with us." Lieutenant Henn understands this. When he was here he said: "If the centreboard made When he was here he said: "If the centreboard made a boat go slower our Yacht Racing Association wouldn't object to it at all. It's because it makes a boat go faster that a fight is made against it." . Centreboard boats are by no means unknown in Great Ritiain. In shoot waters, on the Thames and other rivers, there are many small centreboard boats, and here and there along the coast larger centreboard boats may be found. Back in the seventes Lieutenant Henn had a 20-ton cutter which he used to 20 in Plymouth waters. But a smaller boat beat him badiy. It puzzled him greatly until he discovered that she had a centreboard. The trunk was until to look like the flaps of a table in the caldurant he hoard was a small one, but it did the trick Lieutenant Henn then acquired a wholesome respect for the centreboard which his experience has intensified into archent admiration.

As sure as good gives way to better, British con-

tensified into ardent admiration.

As sure as good gives way to better, British conservatism will not hold out much longer against the centreboard. Then there will be some fine international yacht racing, and the America's Cup may take a trip across the Atlantic. But it wouldn't tarry there long.

A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.

To the Editor of The Tribuna Siz: The following narrative of dog sagacity de serves a place, I think, among the most remarkable tales of animal intelligence, particularly because the facts are vouched for by the owner of the dog and were matter of notoriety in Ogdensburg at the time and the animal acquired so great a reputation in his lifetime as to be accorded the unusual honor of a public funeral at the hands of friends who had been witnesses of his remarkable actions.

The following account has recently been given

me by Mr. J. C. Sprague, owner of Don, the waterspaniel, hero of the story. The dog was brought to Ogdensburg from Syracuse, N. Y., by Mr. Sprague some thirty years ago. While in Syracuse Don had been taught, or had self-acquired (it is uncertain which), the practice of taking a penny from his master and exchanging it at a bake-shop for a bun. After coming to Ogdensburg the dog improved on this experience. He then began to beg pennies from acquaintances of his master and himself, some of whom are still living and can substantiate the fact. He had certain friends to whose offices or stores he specially resorted. His method of begging was to seat himto tip the man on the knee sharply with his paw, and to continue this until the penny was forthcoming, or his appeal were clearly unavailing. His owner eavs D in was often know to visit several friends, one after the other, bringing the proceeds back to Mr Sprague's drug store, where he stored them behind a counter. In this way the dog sometimes accumulated actions of the dog into terms of human activity. the spaniel, kept a bank). On this bank he drew as his appetite inclined him, usually going to the bake-shop of one Mrs. Martin, who knowing his ways gave Don a bun in exchange for the penny which Don would drop Other times Don patronized his butcher,

from the bakery with a bun. Coming up to his owner,
Don began earling the bun, but was observed to spit
the bits out of his mouth, and soon go into the store,
get another penny and go to another bake shop and get
another bun. The first proved to be mouldy, and another burn. The first proved to be mouldy, and from that day Mrs. Martin lost the dog's trade. He style. Before he united with the church he gave \$10,000 bought no more buns from her.

able dog story that has ever come to my notice:

able dog story that has ever come to my notice:

Don came one day rushing into Mr. Sprague's store with a piece of meat, and hurried into the back part. His equious actions attended the attention of those present, and was soon explained by the appearance of the butcher, who asked where that dog was. The butcher then told his story. He had been accustomed to Don's appearance at his shop with a penny to exchange for meat, had been used to cut a piece, hand it to the dog, and have the penny dropped into his hand in exchange. This day Don rushed in, get his meat, and darted out of the shop, having as usual dropped something into the butcher's hand. But this something, on this occasion, proved to be a pebble, which the dog passed off for a cent.

Can any other reader of The Thinden produce another authenticated instance, as this is of an animal's becoming a counterfeiter?

It is believed that Ison's stock of pennies being exhausted, and he being unable to get a penny from his friends, research.

At any rate the fact is beyond doubt.

At any rate the fact is beyond doubt.

At any rate the fact is beyond doubt.

Doubled of posson. He are to read him properly boxed, in a lot near Green and State etc., and then

Point, in the upper part of the then village, he was laid to his last rest by the St. Lawrence st. Lawrence County has had in its time on the control of the country in the coun

From The Can Prancisco Examiner.

A queer midder speciatels was witnessed at noon storing by a whole bounders house full of people and noise of excited about children. A mayes was walk to use of the high wires of the Partile Pocal Telegraph impair appeals the Rossman House on Storing at the difficult to inject any offun in favor of the bless it will be the noise grew very finite and special telegraph.

At least the mansagew very finite and special telegraph. for narrating how a black archim does not controlled to narrating how a black archim does had pursued it, making it take to the pole. When the mouse had completed his denocrous miliar ten, he clushed down the hole and stepped on the hand of a looker-on, who carried aim away in triumpia.

From The Philadelphia Times.

about to climb into the room when the same voice again exclaimed; off the perch it -0, come off the perch it room of the perch its room of the perch fast enough, for in his fught he but his jump on the window, the land leaped into a new bank. He had been scared by the parrot.

From The London Spectator.

Are animals able to think over and easer cut a plan? The following anecdotes will answer the queetion. When in India, I had a small rough terrier who, when given a hone was sent to cast to or De graved drive under an open purch in front of the bingulow. On several occasions two crows had made an attempt to seatch the lating mosses, but their plans were easily defeated by "Topsy's" grawla and spaping teeth. After a few he crows to the branch of a trie near by. After a few incomposition of evident glasses.

TIPPLING DIGS.

From The Field, London.

A correspondent writes: "I have known many dogs that would readily drink either beer or porter, and seemingly thoroughly enjoy it. I knew two terriers belonging to men in a Dragoon Guard Regiment who would absolutely get helplessly drunk, and have to be carried home from the canteen. One of the dogs in particular was fond of tighting when in his cups, but in his sober senses was very good-tempered. I well remember one night this dog was bitten in a light by another, and his owner exclaimed that it was not fair, as his dog was too drunk to fight. Tals statement seems almost incredible, but having been in the regiment I can vouch for the facts. Indeed, it was scarcely safe to put your can of beer out of your hand whitsit in the canteen; some dog would be sure to help himself to a drink out of it."

Another correspondent says that the well-known bull-ter.

canteen; some dog would be sure to step anisen to a drink out of it."

Another correspondent says that the well-known hull-terrier Victor was a beer-d-thker. "I knew," he says, "the dog's drinking propensities when he was the property of Mr. C. Chorley, who at that time kept a public-house at Rowness on-Windermere. Possibly it was here the champion took to his dissipated habits, for a a matter of fact, he would drink beer until he became quite intoxicated, when failing asteep, and keeping so until morning, he would awake and appear quite measy until his master brought him round with a glass of 'mid and bitter.' Mr. Cherley, however, then told me that Victor preferred the bitter for choice. Whilst under the induction of liquor the old dog became quite decide and amable, which he certainly was

From The Boston Globe.

I have a little niece, who was two years old November 22. One night a short time since, while Hazel was repeating her evening prayer, she was asked by her mother to ask God to make La-La (the name she answers to) a good girl.
"No. indeed," said the little one. Le-La is good

THE ONLY REMEDY

for CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON.

Mr. D. B. Adams, Union, South Carolina, writes: Mr. D. B. Adams. Union. South Carolina wheels "I was afflicted with a terrible case of thood poison for about thirteen months. I was treated by the best physicians, and uset various kinds of remedies, but received no substantial relief. I finally tried the Swift Specific, and about four bottless cured mo sound and well."

col. B. H. Kieser, editor and proprietor of the Opellika, Ala., "Times," under date of August 3, 1887, writes: "When I was a young man, through Indiscretion, I contracted a disease which has stuck to me for years. Some dwe or six years since I was troubled with pains, so as to make it difficult for me to wala. Having advertised the S. S. S. In my paper for several years, I concluded I would try it to see if there was any efficacy in the medicine. I commenced using it according to directions and used half dozen bottles. I was once at a way station and, getting left, I walked the seven miles and have never felt any return of the old malady. After experiencing the good effects, I must say I am satisfied if feel now like a young man and can go to the case when necessary and set up from six to eight thousand ens without any inconvenience. I send you this without solicitation.

this without solicitation.

Mr. F. Woehl, £11 North Avenue, Chicago, under date of June 12, 1887, writes: "I deem it my duty to thank you for the cure I received from your excellent medicine. I contracted a very severe case of blood poisoning about two years ago. Hearing of your medicine I went to a drug store, the proprietor of which persuaded me to buy a preparation of his own, which he said was a sure cure. I used six bottles of his stuff and grew worse all the time. At last I got disgusted and despaired of a cure. I met a friend who told me that your medicine had cured him. I went to the same druggist again and domanded your medicine. He reluctantly sold my twelve bottles, and I am now perfectly cured. I write this for the benefit of sufferers, to prevent their being deceived by false representations. I thenk you again for the benefit derived from your medicine.

Dr. J. N. Chency, a prominent physician residing this without solicitation.

medicine."

Dr. J. N. Cheney, a prominent physician residing in Eliaville, Schley County, Georgia, in a letter recounting the infallible success he has in curing contagious blood poison cases in his extensive practice, writes: "Those who know the almost inevitable permanently dangerous effects of merculy will welcome your discovery of S. S. S. as a boon to humanity. The medical profession, always wary of proprietary medicines, is coming slowly, and in some cases accretly, to the use of S. S. S. in cases of blood disorder. Of course a medicine that cares poisoning in its worst form must purify the blood of every disorder."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

CHURCH GLEANINGS. RELIGIOUS NOTE AND COMMENT.

admission of the Chinese delegates to the Methodist General Conference. Says "The California Christian Advocate": "The Rev. Sia Sok Ong, the ministerial delegate, is an able, politic, Christian gentleman and a minister of many years service. and, as his owner relates, lived almost entirely on the proceeds of his own begging.

One day the dog was seen by his master coming which gives him a position among the literati of the countries.

bought no more huns from her.

But the crowning feat of Don's life was the following, which is thoroughly attested and is the most remarking asylum of 100 girls. His purse is always open in all times of public calamity, floods, famine, or pestilence. Mr. Abok gives a certain percentage of his profits to every worker in his establishments, from head clerk to errand

> The Sabbath Association of Illinois is circulating five petitions addressed to the managers of railroads, telegraphs, etc., asking them to stop working on the Sabbath day. The petitions will be presented to every church congregation in the United States for signature.

> What makes the coming session of the Methodist Epis copal Church Conference so interesting is the fact that the eligibility of women as lay delegates to the Conference, and the advisability of abolishing the itinerancy, are to come up for discussion. The church is far from being a unit on these questions, and it is impossible to forotell what the Conference will decide in regard to them.

pastor, but it is understood that it will call no one who uses tobacco or calls his fellow ministers by their un-Utiled surnames. In commenting on this a writer in "The Watchman" says: "It is not strange that some young men are deterred from entering the Christian ministry, not because the ministry demands hardship and self-donial, but because captions and unreasonable criti-

to \$121,000. It is hoped to increase it to a million deliars before the General Convention next year.

successful. The services will be continued indefinitely. Convention of college students at Northfield, Mass. committee of sty young college students, representing Cambridge, England, the University of Toronto, Bowdoin College, Georgetown College, and Princeton Seminary and College, was appointed to stimulate the interest of college students in fersign missions. The committee has been working very efficiently and successfully.

The last pastoral letter of the Episcopal House of Bis hops recommended to Entscopalians the establishment of parochial schools, but the recommendation has fallen dead on the Church. Most members of the Bishops' spiritual flock appear to be entirely satisfied with the public

way of accomplishing what it sets out to do.

The Training School for Missionaries which was es-tablished in Chicago, in 1880, by Miss Lucy Rider Meyer,

From he Lancet, London

Must it not be to those who endure lifelong bodily suffer ing ! From childhood to old age many persons are termented of these diseases the nerves are terribly rackel. A wine glassful or two of the Bitters before the hour of retiring usually bridge a resulte from pain and enables the sufferer to secure much needed repose. For kidney troubles, malarial complaints, indigestion, liver complaint i bi cruetipa